



CLASS of 1942

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The 1942 YEAR BOOK *of*
THE HARTFORD HOSPITAL
SCHOOL OF NURSING

CLASS MOTTO

Non Quis Sed Quid

CLASS FLOWER

Corn Flower

CLASS COLORS

Blue and Silver

H A R T F O R D · C O N N E C T I C U T





TO MISS EVA CROWDIS, WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK; FOR
TO US SHE IS THE PERSONIFICATION OF ALL THAT IS
GOOD, SWEET, AND KIND, AND IN HER DWELLS THE
TRUE SPIRIT OF THE REAL NURSE.



MISS ETHEL BROOKS
Acting Director of the School of Nursing and
Nursing Service
*"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty."*



MISS MILDRED CASSELL
Class Advisor

She is one of the "real" people it has been our opportunity to know—and not only to know but to have lead, and by so doing, influence beyond measure our ideals of nursing and friendship.



LAURA ROSNAGLE, M.A., R.N.
*Associate Director Nursing
Education*



HELEN FARRELL, R.N.
*Assistant Director Nursing
Service*

SADIE LEMMON
*Associate Director of School of
Nursing*



MURIEL DUDLEY
Instructor of Nursing Arts



MARJORIE GOLDTHWAITE, B.S.
Instructor in Science



JEANNE MURPHY



RAMONA SEGWALT, B.S.
Recreational Director





INTERNES OF 1942



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1942



TREE PLANTING CEREMONY



Top Row, Left to Right: Natalie Russell, Virginia Geer, Doris Christensen, Helene Fidrych, Doris Stratton, Viola Toñil. Bottom Row, Left to Right: Winifred Pollard, Margaret Fay, Anne Petrillo, Jean MacLeod, Darline Barnett.

STUDENT COUNCIL

President—Anne Petrillo; Vice president—Lois Bussey; Secretary—Helen Northrop; Treasurer—Marjorie Porter; Assistant treasurer—Shirley Barnes; Program Committee—Jean MacLeod; Ways and Means—Darline Barnett; Music—Doris Christensen; Publicity—Ethel Going; Refreshments—Martha Page; Big Sister—Shirley Barton.

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Editor—Edith Lucchini; Business Manager—Nancy Stedman; Advertising Manager—Mary Bergstrom; Novelty Editors—Natalie Russell, Shirley Myers; Photography Manager—Elizabeth Cole.

Top Row, Left to Right: Elizabeth Cole, Nancy Stedman, Ruth Pearl Andreani, Natalie Russell. Bottom Row, Left to Right: Shirley Myers, Edith Lucchini, Jean MacLeod.





Top Row, Left to Right: Jennie Kaplan, Josephine Orlando, Helen Hendrickson. *Next Row, Left to Right:* Helen Northrop, Harmony Ovitt, Mona Pardee, Helen Tapley. *Next Row, Left to Right:* Jean Wilbur, Ruth Larkins, Jean Torrell, Ruth Pearl Andreani, Bernice Pawelcik. *Bottom Row, Left to Right:* Jean MacLeod, Darline Barnett, Doroyth LeGeyt, Miss Jeanne Murphy, Mary Kurzel, Lucia Maycock.

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Left to Right: Sheran Darmoo, Henrietta Kervorkian, Ethel Going, Miss Marjorie Goldthwaite, Caroline Rubin, Mary Marionella, Mildred Treat.

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Left to Right: Avis Warren, Wilhelmina Mueller, Jean Morgan, Evelyn Sherman, Hope Blackman, Dorothy Pelton, Margaret Fay, Sally Kriksciun.

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Advisor—Mrs. Ramona Segwalt; Captain—Viola Tofil.

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CLASS OF 1942

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<i>Class Prophecy</i>	JANET CLARK, LAVERNE CORBAT, JEAN MACLEOD
<i>Class Will</i>	JANET CLARK, LAVERNE CORBAT, RUTH ANDREANI, EVELYN HOLCOMB
<i>Sketches</i>	SHIRLEY MYERS

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Ruth-Pearl Andreani
Ruby Darline Barnett
Mary Elizabeth Bergstrom
Dorothy Elizabeth Bittner
Josephine Assunta Boi
Marie Angela Bombaci
Annetta Elizabeth Boothe
Mildred Irma Broandt
Alice Annetta Brown
Lois Elisabeth Bussey
Hedwig Therese Bystrowski
Vera Margaret Carlson
Pauline Helen Carpino
Norma Mary Cartocci
Esta Mae Catlin
Iola May Chapin
Lois Elisabeth Charlton
Doris Ethel Christensen
Janet Eileen Clark
Elizabeth May Cole
Laverne Alice Corbat
Virginia Marie Corey
Ruth Alberta Cox
Lilyan Gertrude Crannan
Helen Barbara Czaja
Sheran Darmoo
Helen Rose Dashukewich
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Jeannette Simone DeForest
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Margaret Alicia Fay
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Clara Margaret Wasniewski
Margaret Jane Watson
Ruth Harriet Weiler
Virginia Frances Wheeler
Kathleen Elizabeth Wight
Dorothy Elizabeth Wikman
Dorothy Jean Wilbur

Sophie Theresa Zuraw

The Nightingale Pledge

*I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of his assembly:
To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.
I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or
knowingly administer any harmful drug.
I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession,
and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all
family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.
With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to
the welfare of those committed to my care.*



ETHEL JOSEPH
ANDERSON

Montowese, Conn.

"Here is a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky is above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."

"Andy"

RUTH PEARL ANDREANI

Torrington, Conn.

"A little work,
A little play,
To keep us going,
And so, good day."



RUBY DARLINE BARNETT

Strafford, Missouri

"Have you found your life dis-
tasteful?
My life did, and does, smack
sweet,
Was your youth of pleasure waste-
ful?
Mine I save and hold complete."

"Bergy"

MARY ELIZABETH
BERGSTROM

Hartford, Conn.

"Unthinking, idle,
Wild, and young—
I laughed and danced
And talked and sung."



DOROTHY ELIZABETH
BITTNER

Hartford, Conn.

"The little fears that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
The foolish fears of what might
pass,
I cast them all away."

"Dottie"



"Jo"

JOSEPHINE ASSUNTA BOI
Bristol, Conn.

"I know nothing of tomorrow,
My business is to be
Good and happy today."



"Betty"

ANNETTA ELIZABETH
BOOTHE

Hamden, Conn.

"True artists are a rare, rare breed;
There were but two, forsooth,
In all my time, the stage's prime,
And the other one was Boothe."



"Brownie"

ALICE ANNETTA BROWN
Hartford, Conn.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."



"Marie"

MARIE ANGELA BOMBACI
Essex, Conn.

"I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."



"Millie"

MILDRED IRMA BROANDT
Hartford, Conn.

"A daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall,
And most divinely, fair."



"Buzz"

LOIS ELISABETH BUSSEY

West Hartford, Conn.

"We never know how high we are
'Til we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,
Our statures touch the skies."



"Heddy"

HEDWIG THERESE
BYSTROWSKI

New Britain, Conn.

"Somebody said that it couldn't be
done,
But she with a chuckle replied,
That 'maybe it couldn't', but she
would be
One who wouldn't say 'til she tried."



"Vera"

VERA MARGARET CARLSON

Waterbury, Conn.

"Says he—'I'd better call again,'
Says she—'Think likely Mister!'
The last word pricked him like a
pin,
An'—wal, he up an' kis't her."



"Polly"

PAULINE HELEN CARPINO

Hartford, Conn.

"Though poor be our purse,
And though narrow our span,
Let us all try to do,
A good turn when we can."



"Norm"

NORMA MARY CARTOCCI

Torrington, Conn.

"Life is a glorious cycle of song,
A medley of extemporania.
Love is a thing that can never go
wrong,
And I am Marie of Roumania."



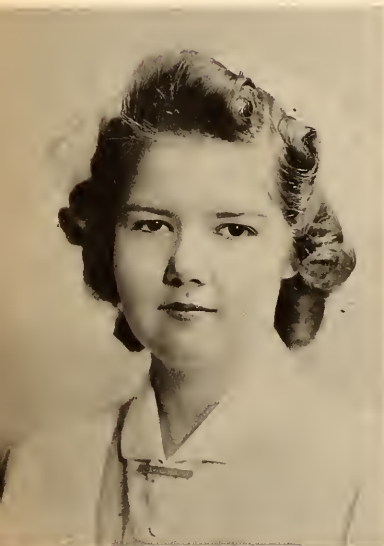


"Esta"

ESTA MAE CATLIN

Greenfield, Mass.

"I was born an American,
I will live an American,
I shall die an American."



"Betty"

LOIS ELIZABETH CHARLTON

Great Neck, Long Island.

"To see the world in a grain of
sand,

A heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your
hand,
And eternity in an hour."



"Danny"

JANET EILEEN CLARK

East Natick, Mass.

"The world grows better year by
year,
Because some nurse in her little
sphere,
Puts on her apron and smiles and
sings,
And keeps on doing the same old
things."





"Betty"
ELIZABETH MAY COLE
Deep River, Conn.
"When she passed,
It seemed like the ceasing
Of exquisite music."



"Corby"
LAVERNE ALICE CORBAT
Bristol, Conn.
"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place on earth or
heaven,
Without a woman in it."



"Virgy"
VIRGINIA MARIE COREY
Hartford, Conn.
"Secret and self contained,
And solitary as an oyster."



"Coxie"
RUTH ALBERTA COX
Hamden, Conn.
"You can and you can't,
You will and you won't,
You'll be damned if you do,
You'll be damned if you don't."



"Lil"
LILYAN GERTRUDE
CRANNAN
Bristol, Conn.
"Whatever is worth doing at all—
Is worth doing well."



"Czaj"

HELEN BARBARA CZAJA
Middletown, Conn.

"Born for success she seemed.
With grace to win, with heart to
hold,
With shining gifts that took all
eyes."

"Sharry"

SHERAN DARMOO
New Britain, Conn.

"Razors pain you; Rivers are damp.
Acids stain you; And drugs cause
cramp;
Guns aren't lawful; Nooses give;
Gas smells awful; You might as
well live."



"Dash"

HELEN ROSE
DASHUKEWICH
Southington, Conn.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."



"Steffie"

STEPHANIE SUSAN DASCO
Palmer, Mass.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way."



"Jean"

JEANNETTE SIMONE
DE FOREST
Danielson, Conn.

"The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delight,
Tho' love and all his pleasures are
but toys,
They shorten tedious nights."

"Dusty"

MARY DOSTAL

Torrington, Conn.

"Babies haven't any hair,
Old men's heads are just as bare;
Between the cradle and the grave,
Lie a haircut and a shave."



"Connie"

VIOLA ECONOMU

Waterville, Maine

"A wise old owl sat on an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he
heard;
Why aren't we like that wise old
bird?"



"Peg"

MARGARET ALICIA FAY

Rocky Hill, Conn.

"Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?"



"Helene"

HELENE ROSALIE

FIDRYCH

Norwich, Conn.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."



"Forty-two"

ELSIE FORTE

North Branford, Conn.

"This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?"





"Forty"

ROSE VICTORIA ANN FORTE
Hartford, Conn.

"Let the world slide, let the world
go by;

A fig for care and a fig for woe,
If I cannot pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high
and low."



"Jo"

JOSEPHINE CATHERINE
GANGI

Winsted, Conn.

"Life, believe is not a dream,
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain,
Foretells a pleasant day."



"Ginny"

VIRGINIA OGLORE
GARRAND

Greenfield, Mass.

"With doubt and dismay you are
smitten,
You think there's no chance for
you, Hun,
Why the best books haven't been
written,
The best race hasn't been run."



"Ginny"

VIRGINIA ADELAIDE GEER

New London, Conn.

"For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike;
When you are the Anvil, Bear—
When you are the Hammer,
Strike."



"Ethel"

ETHEL GRACE GOING

Chester, Conn.

"Some books are to be tasted,
Others to be swallowed,
And some few to be chewed and
digested."

"Goody"

BERNICE MAY GOODMAN

Shelton, Conn.

"For manners are not idle,
But the fruit of loyal nature
And of the noble mind."



"Gus"

ANITA ANNE GOUSDINOS

New Britain, Conn.

"O woman, perfect woman!
What distraction was made to man-
kind
When thou wast made a devil!"

"Nan"

NANCY ELIZABETH HALE

Portland, Conn.

"When trouble drives me into
rhyme,
Which is two-thirds of all the
time,
What peace a thought like this can
give—
Great is the age in which we live."



"El"

ELSIE CECELIA HARRISON

Harwinton, Conn.

"Diplomacy is to do and say,
The nicest thing
In the nicest way."



"Pee-Wee"

LILLIAN FLORENCE

HARTMAN

New Haven, Conn.

"The silence that accepts merit
As the most natural thing in the
world,
Is the highest applause."





"Hank"

HELEN ANN HEYWOOD
Hartford, Conn.
"Knowledge comes,
But wisdom lingers."



"Hokie"

EVELYN BARRETT HOLCOMB
Torrington, Conn.
"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win."



"Jennie"

JENNIE IDA KAPLAN
Hartford, Conn.
"A peace above all earthly digni-
ties,
A still and quiet conscience."



"Henny"

HELEN VIOLA HENDRICKSON
Hartford, Conn.
"Why is it the King of Hearts
Is the only one who hasn't a
Moustache?"



"Stutzie"

ELEANOR CHANDLER JAMES
Old Lyme, Conn.
"If I were a bear,
And a big bear too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or sned."



"Steffie"
STEPHANIA KAZEMERSKY
Ansonia, Conn.
"Her words were simple words
enough,
And yet she used them so,
That what in other mouths were
rough,
In hers seemed musical and low."



"Kelly"
JANET BROWN KELLOGG
Bridgeport, Conn.
"As you are woman, so be lovely;
As you are lovely, so be various,
Merciful as constant,
Constant as various."



"Loiee"
LOIS ESTELLE KNAPP
Danbury, Conn.
"There is something in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldest painters cannot
trace."



"Kogie"
ADELAIDE ELIZABETH
KOGUT
Wilson, Conn.
"Age cannot wither her—
Nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."



"Sal"
SALLY LUCY
KRIKSCIUN
Washington Depot, Conn.
"Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."



"Kritzie"

ANN ADELAIDE KRITZ

Plantsville, Conn.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never."



"Kurzie"

MARY ELIZABETH KURZEL

Amston, Conn.

"You must keep your good in sight,
Labor toward it day and night,
Then at last arriving there—
You shall be too old to care."



"Glenn"

GLENNA MAE LACKARD

Newport, Vt.

"The beautiful are never desolate;
But someone always loves them."



"Cal"

CHARLOTTE ANNE LANE

Torrington, Conn.

"Waste not, want not,
Is a maxim I would teach!
Let your watchword be dispatch,
And practice what you preach."



"Ruthie"

RUTH DORIS LARSON

Forestville, Conn.

"Simplicity of character
Is no hindrance
To subtlety of intellect."



"Do"
DOROTHY ELIZABETH
LE GEYT

Hartford, Conn.
"One song leads to another,
One friend to another friend,
So I'll travel along
With a friend and a song."

"Ollie"
OLIVE DARYL LINTON
Canterbury, Conn.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Full of sweet dreams, and health
And quiet breathing."



"Aud"
AUDREY DOROTHEA
LONDON

Hartford, Conn.
"Doorbells are like a magic game,
Or the grab-bag at a fair—
You never know when you hear
one ring,
Who may be waiting there."



"Dossie"
EDITH ANN LUCCHINI
Meriden, Conn.

"The soul of a journey is liberty—
Perfect liberty, to think, to feel,
To do just as one pleases."



"Lucy"
ELSIE LEA LUCIER
Putnam, Conn.

"I slept and dreamed
That life was Beauty;
I woke and found
That life was Duty."





"O"

OSA LUND
Windsor, Conn.

"Osa said,
When she smelt the rose,
'Oh! What a pity
I've only one nose!'"



"Jeanie"

JEAN MACLEOD
Hartford, Conn.

"True wit is nature
To advantage dressed,
What oft was thought,
But ne'er so well expressed."



"Maycock"

LUCIA ELEANOR MAYCOCK
Wethersfield, Conn.

"But thanks to my friends
For their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes
To love working and reading."



"Mar"

MARION JOSEPHINE
MARCIA

West Hartford, Conn.

"Know, then, that I consider brown
For ladies, the only color;
And deem all other orbs in town
(Compared to yours) opaquer, dul-
ler."



"Stinky"

CHARLOTTE LORRAINE
MARTIN

Charleston, W. Va.

"I think that I shall never see
A Billboard lovely as a tree,
Perhaps unless the Billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all."



"Micky"
HELEN FRANCES MC GRATH
New Britain, Conn.
"Across the gateway of my heart
I wrote 'no thoroughfare',
But love came laughing by, and
cried:
'I enter everywhere.' "



"Judy"
JULIA LOUISE MELNICK
Bristol, Conn.
"Fain would I, but I dare not;
I dare and yet I may not;
I may, although I care not
For pleasure when I play not."



"Dawn"
DAWN IDELL MERRIHEW
Burlington, Vt.
"The more we live, more brief ap-
pear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages."



"Phil"
PHYLLIS CHARLOTTE
MERRILL
Thompsonville, Conn.
"You know that I say
Just what I think,
I cannot say one thing
And mean another."



"Do"
DORIS CHURCHILL MORGAN
Wethersfield, Conn.
"Better by far
You should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember
And be sad."



"Flo"

FLORENCE ELIZABETH
MURRAY

West Hartford, Conn.

"Flo" was fond of Arnold—

"Arnie" for short she called her
beau.

Talk of tides of love, great Caesar!
You should see them, "Arnie" and
"Flo."

"Shirl"

SHIRLEY MYERS

Wethersfield, Conn.

"Four be the things I am wiser to
know;

Idleness, sorrow, a friend, and a foe.

Four be the things I'd been better
without,

Love, curiosity, freckles, and
doubt."



"Aggie"

AGNES LOUISE MYSLIWIEC

New Britain, Conn.

"To look up and not down,

To look forward and not back,

To look out and not in,

And to lend a hand."



"Niel"

MABEL DAGMAR NILSON

West Hartford, Conn.

"It worries me to beat the band

To hear folks say our lives are
grand,

Wish they'd try some one-night
stand,

Ain't it awful, Mabel?"



"Jo"

JOSEPHINE ANN ORLANDO

Danbury, Conn.

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry
skies;

And all that's best of dark and
bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes."





"Marty"
MARTHA HAYNES PAGE

Guilford, Conn.

"Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."



"Bunny"
BERNICE MARION PAWELCIK

Enfield, Conn.

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win
them:—

Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in
them."



"Bobby"
MARY JANE PEASE

West Hartford, Conn.

"A little fun
To match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—
And so good morrow."



"Perzy"
HELENE JOAN
PERZANOWSKI

Torrington, Conn.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good, or whether
bad,
Depends on how we take it."

"Perzy"
MARY ELIZABETH
PERZANOWSKI

Rockville, Conn.

"To have a thing is nothing,
If you've not the chance to show
it,
And to know a thing is nothing,
Unless others know you know it."





"Pete"

ANNE CARMEL PETRILLO
New Haven, Conn.

"A good portrait is like a biography,
And neither painter nor biographer
Can carry out his task successfully
Unless he is admitted behind the
scenes."



"Marge"

MARJORIE ELIZABETH
PORTER

Unionville, Conn.

"I woke one morning,
And found myself famous."



"Winnie"

WINIFRED GRACE POLLARD
North Adams, Mass.

"Some pray to marry the man they
love,
My prayer will somewhat vary;
I humbly pray to Heaven above,
That I love the man I marry."



"Rae"

RUTH ELLEN RAYNO
Hartford, Conn.

"Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends. Come let us
read."



"Reed"

MURIEL FAE REED
Newport, Vt.

"Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow,—
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?—
Life's troubles come never too late."



"Do"

DORIS ROBERTS
Williamstown, Mass.
"Everywhere I look I see—
Fact or fiction, life, or play,
Still the little game of three;
B and C in love with A."



"Mary"

MARY ROSE RODVAN
Rockville, Conn.
"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."



"Shirl"

SHIRLEY GRACE ROOSE
East Hartford, Conn.
"It's easy 'nuf to titter
When the stew is smokin' hot,
But it's mighty hard to giggle,
When there's nothing in the pot."



"Betty"

BETTY GERTRUDE ROOS
Deep River, Conn.
"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have
missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
He kissed me!"



"Carrie"

CAROLINE RUBIN
Springfield, Mass.
"Sammy, how lonely we shall be!
What shall we do,
You without me,
I without you?"



"Anne"

ANNE RUDANISH

Waterbury, Conn.

"Oh, how hard it is to find,
The one just suited to our mind."



"Nat"

NATALIE DAVIS RUSSELL

Newington, Conn.

"Those eyes,
The greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things grey."



"Tina"

CLEMENTINE MARY SERVI

Torrington, Conn.

"Happy am I
From care I'm free!
Why aren't they all
Contented like me?"



"Janie"

JANE ELIZABETH SMITH

New Haven, Conn.

"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But, ah, my foes, and oh, my
friends—
It gives a lovely light!"



"Scnitcb"

EDNA MONICA SNECINSKI

Mayfield, Penn.

"Out upon it I have loved
Three whole days together;
And I am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather."



"Millie"
MILDRED MARIE STANGE
Berlin, Conn.

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such pleasant joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
And I am rich within my mind."



"Nan"
NANCY TAYLOR STEDMAN
Amherst, Mass.

"Have little care that life is brief
And less that life is long.
Success is in the silences,
Tho' fame is in the song."



"Gerry"
EMMA ELIZABETH
STERRETT
New Haven, Conn.

"It is so soon
That I am done for,
I wonder what
I was begun for."



"Tommie"
EMMA RUTH THOMAS
Hamden, Conn.

"Oh, that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought.
Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught."



"Tommie"
RUTH ALMA THOMPSON
Farmington, Conn.

"I expect to pass thru' this world
but once,
Any good thing therefore that
I can do
Or any kindness that I can show,
Let me do it now."



"Jo"

JOHANNA MARIA TIRSCHEK
Windsor, Conn.

"The fabric of my faithful love
No power shall dim or ravel
Whilst I stay here,—but oh, my
dear,
If I should ever travel!"

"Toffie"

VIOLA ANN TOFIL
Hartford, Conn.

"He laughs best who laughs last,
The Wise-acres vow;
But I am impatient,
I want to laugh now."



"Middie"

MILDRED CANDEE TREAT
Woodmont, Conn.

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Follow the straight line, thou shalt
See the curved line ever follow
thee."



"Do"

DORIS HAZEL TWOMBLEY
Hamden, Conn.

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for
being."



"Jo"

JOSEPHINE CECILIA
UZIEMBLO
Rockville, Conn.

"A friend is a person
With whom I may be sincere.
Before him I may think aloud."





"Pearl"

PEARL S. D. WANIC
Wethersfield, Conn.
"I have no talent for making new
friends,
But, oh, such a genius
For fidelity to old ones."



"Wassie"

CLARA MARGARET
WASNIEWSKI
Colchester, Conn.
"Sometimes when people pity me,
I tell them with no rancor,
That for what it costs me to be
free,
I might have bought an anchor."



"Peg"

MARGARET JANE WATSON
Deep River, Conn.
"Steadfast of thought
Well made, well wrought,
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret."



"Ruthie"

RUTH HARRIET WEILER
West Haven, Conn.
"The man she had was kind and
clean
And well enough for every day,
But, oh, dear friends, you should
have seen
The one that got away."

"Ginnie"

VIRGINIA FRANCES
WHEELER
Shelton, Conn.
"Three silences there are:
The first of speech,
The second of desire,
The third of thought."





"Kay"

KATHLEEN ELIZABETH
WIGHT

Bethel, Maine

"I had three chairs in my house:
One for solitude,
Two for friendship,
Three for society."



"Jean"

DOROTHY JEAN WILBUR

Jewett City, Conn.

"Unborn tomorrow
And dead yesterday,
Why fret about them
If today be sweet?"



"Dotty"

DOROTHY ELIZABETH
WIKMAN

Southington, Conn.

"To see her is a picture,
To hear her is a tune,
To know her an intemperance
As innocent as June."



"Soph"

SOPHIE THERESA ZURAW

Hartford, Conn.

"When hands are linked that dread
to part,
And heart is met by throbbing
heart—
Oh, bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell."



Prophecy

HISTORY

Will

Class Prophecy

FEBRUARY DIVISION

I, a member of the February division of the class of 1943, born without benefit of psychic qualities, but with aspirations to acquire such for this occasion, wholeheartedly render in prose the possibilities which fate may see fit to establish.

Being in an extreme sense no adulator of tradition you may be sure our group will be found in spectacular "hair raising" phases of social and professional activities of existence—so breathe deeply and cross your neurons for post-war days find:

Dorothy Bittner a Great White Way jive queen—"Dotty B," not playing any musical instrument, but with aboriginal enthusiasm for swing uses some remote education she gained 'way back when to commandeer a group of noted Basin Streeters, to give out with the best. Somehow Krupa remarks at each session finale—*Good Night Nurse!*

Speaking of music and nurses, one conceives the idea of romance, romance spells marriage, marriage has much to do with children. What I mean is—we happen on Vera Carlson, whose main tragedy in life is that Bill Jr. has just used his dad's practice cadaver for a throw rug in his play house.

"Tommie," better known as La Thompson writing her memoirs entitled "Do You Live—or Merely Exist?"—or "Three Years in one Room."

Ethel Going—top flight female Walter Winchell is reviewing La Thompson's literary effort and rates it three stars—with reservations! Going's only comment after starring same reads: Don't think it isn't a good book—because it isn't!

Life's chain of events and circumstances leads us to Alabama where a Mrs. Johnston, newly-wed (née Ola Chapin) homesick for New England, exclaims in dismay, "What, no skiing here?"

Janet Kellogg still waiting for Normy to get his furlough for you know why, is teaching humility and etiquette to Lem Croudy's clan in the wild Ozarks. "Kelly" is utterly amazed at such ignorance, and mutters incessantly—"Go Forward Christian Soldier."

From here to Grand Central Station where Ruth Rayno is doing missionary work at the Information Booth—Rayno entirely on the defensive from acidulated remarks of world-weary New Yorkers says—quote: "Hartford Hospital was never like this."

Mabel Nilson is proud hostess weekly to her Bridgeport Knitting Klub—the art of the cuisine was part of her nursing background, and her guests are hilariously entertained with accounts of burned custard and snow pudding failures of the diet-kitchen period.

Melly Stange, supervisor in an Army Nurse Corps cannot understand why the efficiency experts don't improve nursing conditions in this man's army. Ginny Wheeler, wearing a sheaf of fraternity rings, pins, and emblems of saddened young men, continues on her merry way, entrancing all those susceptible to blue eyes and very long lashes.

Ruth Larson and Elsie Harrison—not to be outdone—are companion heads of a children's village. "Swede," still sweet and innocent, is utterly astounded at the brilliant satires of children, while Elsie calmly carries on, and subdues them with wise and acrimonious lectures.

With apologies to John Kiernan—this is very well meant! So on, far, far into the night—Nocturnal fancies are nectar in the life of Gloria Wasniewski, who blossomed into Hartford's Glamour Girl of the year—the only problem is feet—it seems debutantes have them too—Wassie writes: "Life unchanged. My metatarsals still suffer. You can't win! I should of stood in bed."

From the calm to the hectic in one easy jump brings up Anita Gousdinos, erstwhile conveyor of the familiar that's precious. "Gubby"—former exclusive proprietor of a hammer toe, has only one cross to bear. She refuses to go swimming minus one digit.

Lil Crannan, another Bristolite, is seen at Schiaparelli's modeling what the smart woman will wear in the immediate future. Lil is amazed as well as amazing in the creations of post-war trends.

—And what is talk without curiosity concerning that never-ending duo—Betty Roos and Johanna Tirschek? We are told they are practicing the supreme sacrifice and are doing staff duty at Walter Reed Hospital on the OB floors. "This 'Join the Navy and See the World' is some propagandist's delightful nightmare," says Betty.

Steve Kazemersky glows—she has just been accepted as art critic on the *Hartford Times*. Mibs Broadt, arriving at fame as chief epicurean on the radio program: "What to eat in the wee small hours." Her feature is the new rage—one and one half minute breakfast. Mibs got her

background a few years back being number one router of Morpheus' intoxicants on third floor Heublein.

With the greatest delight we read the singularly illuminating thesis on "How to dress your child scientifically in nylon" by Hedy Bystrowski, Ph.D. Hedy, just returning from a trip to Iceland, where she unearthed the material for her timely contribution, says modestly, "It was nothing."

Merrill and Morgan, still practicing poisonous badinage on their apartment mates, pause briefly for professional identification—Margy or Mrs., and Phil Merrill, who would have nothing to do with men, is administratrix of a female escort service headquarters on Prospect Avenue.

Back to hospital life, we find that veteran would-be sophisticate Betty Charlton pessimistically remarking, "There will be no such class as ours again after making a survey of the school for N. L. of N. E."

Janet Clark is still waiting for the better half of the Clark expedition to complete a post-grad course at Yale this time.

Elsie Lucier is also soap-boxing. It seems it isn't right—the world's all wrong—for nurses to live in two-car garages—tires—shorter working hours—and a plan for protection of patients' false teeth should and must by the very righteousness of being achieve its socialistic stand for nursing security. Result—Candidate for office in the CSNA—the same E. Lucier.

Remember Sue Dasco and Audrey London and their terpsichorean abilities? Both took time out for domestic duties abstract nonentities so to speak—at any rate. The 21 club features a new two women dance team—Andy and Dasco are it! Franklin Roosevelt seemingly eternal is still with us, and would recommend a performance if we were not a democracy.

It has been said by some organ of our class that Laverne Corbat finally got to Cleveland, where she is frantically proving the escutcheon of her husband's Mayflower ancestry—so much for American families.

Nothing could be conjured up out of the imagination half so full of romance and wild fantastic improbability as the story of Helen Czaja's flower garden on Columbia campus. The dean is campaigning to put Helen on the geranium strewn carpet by nominating her for "Done most for Columbia."

SEPTEMBER DIVISION

We of the September division without benefit of aspirations to acquire psychic qualities have had to call in an expert, Dr. Zweinstein (so called because he is twice as smart as Einstein), to help us delve into the somewhat dubious future.

The A's have it, in fact any old "A" above high "C" will do. We see Ruthie Andreani singing and a'swinging for the lads in uniform, accompanied by—that's right, you guessed it—Doris Christensen who is "swingin' on nuthin'" for little Jo Boi (also in the service). And don't think Broadway has closed down because of any old war. They are bidding for that threesome and then-some. Yes, we mean the elegant Ingalls Sextet—Shirl Myers, Marion Marcia, Bunny Pawelcik, Flo Murray, and Carry Rubin. They are a top flight group too; but temperamental Marion has to take time out for that yearly trip to Hollywood—the attraction still Mr. Ameche ("Don" to those who know him). And Flossie continues with threats to leave the sextet and come back to WB 2 Nursery if they don't watch out. They still don't know what to watch out for and the sextet continues.

To get out of the world of entertainment and into the world of grim reality we see Peg Fay not exactly "rushin' around the brush" but definitely "deep in the heart of Texas". Wahoo!

Hank Heywood has wasted not a moment of these precious years. She is carrying out private research and doing a wonderful work with the sulfa drugs. We should all read her thesis.

Also, in the field of research and invention we find Stutzie James bearing out the contention that "Big Ben just ain't big enough" and when a bigger and better alarm clock is built, she'll build it. Said she'd give us a "ring" when it was done.

Speaking of rings, the epidemic of diamondites we saw take so many of our members in '42 has brought forth with a crop of more official rings without diamonds. Heading the formidable list of suspectees is Mary Rodvan who is the happy mother of triplets. But, she shouldn't smirk like that, why Esta Catlin has a whole nursery swing school full of tots who learn Boogie Woogie as easily as ABC. Oh, yes, and this Forty-Fourty (Forte-Forte) combination has led to so much confusion in this topsy-turvy old tired world that both Elsie and Rose have up and changed their names, the lucky girls.

Another little mother, Pauline Carpino (who couldn't give up Williams house parties) is house-mothering in that institution.

It may be a tired old world but 'taint half as tired as Glenna Lackard, who is plugging on and on—her goal, to balance the Stutzie James budget. Her eternal question "Say, when does the fiscal year begin?"

Some say the fiscal year begins South of the Equator but even Professor Zweinstein will agree with us that it begins South of the Mason-Dixon Line. Could it be the fiscal year that Betty Boothe and Aggie Mysliwiec, not to mention Doris Twombly, have gone South searchin' for—well no—we'll tell you that—it's two-ring time for them!

Among those missing are Betty Cole and Peggy Watson who went to California "just for a vacation" and haven't been seen in these parts since.

Nancy Hale has collaborated with Middy Treat and Janie Smith and Marge Porter to develop the perfect liquid Nylon hose. Well, that is practically perfect only Nan, the realist, can't help putting a run in hers.

That ingenious pair of coffee drinkers, Kay Wight and Ruth Weiler, from away back have met the coffee shortage with a newly developed grown-in-your-window-box coffee sensation. Ask your grocer for details about "11 o'clock" coffee.

You don't know what to do with spare time? The "Busy Bee Bridge Club" can help you. Ruthie Cox is responsible for it. Of course, they are so busy that a good deal of the responsibility of the club falls on her assistant Sheran Darmoo, famous in her own name for the "Darmoo System". We've tried it but it requires such complete coordination of mind and body that we leave it to the "Bees".

Now, what do ye "Ken" happened to Win Pollard? That's right she didn't go to Alaska with Doss Lucchini and her troupe—"the best laid schemes o' mice and men". Anyhow, Doss went a-midwifin' in Kentucky and we didn't hear about her again until we picked up the "Alaskan Day". We find a late leave there means one can stay out a month longer. Why can't we have nights like that here? Perhaps, Zweinstein can help us there. No doubt, it was the long night business that brought Jeanie MacLeod and Darline Barnett a-galumpling to her. And so, the new organization, "The Midwiffenpoofs" is a reality—and growing to nearly international proportion. Their specialty—picnics. Chairman of picnic committee is Jeanie MacLeod who was always good at "buttering sandwiches for yesterday's picnic."

Helene Fidrych has taken Nurse Mary's place in the Kildare movies.

The Navy won out over the Army in the fight for the Jeannette DeForest-Mary Dostal combination. We see them occasionally waving at land lubbers from a port hole on a certain (military secret) vessel.

Here on the home front battling with the tots is Jeanie Wilbur. Those children are eating out of her hand or else—.

Anne Petrillo is on her way in the not too distant future to becoming a gyn. supervisor in the new HH wing. And would gyn. be gyn. without Lil Hartman as Dr. Wood's right-hand man. In the O. R., she not only tolerates the barefooted operator—she joins him.

Marie Bombaci is that little district nurse we saw in Essex. We hardly knew her in that uniform.

You've heard of old South-Jebrew. Then you've heard of Evelyn Holcomb and Charlotte Lane, the missionary nurses who made life safe for the natives. Well, if not safe, they have at least taught the natives how to remain healthy in the jungle.

Lois Knapp, Ann Kritz, Sal Kriksciun are those pioneer nurses who started a trailer clinic because they work so well together.

Ollie Linton's "real thing" has now borne fruit, a diamond plus. She makes a charming school nurse.

McGrath, Maycock, and Melnick heard so much about skiing and Sweden while bouncing babies in the premature nursery that they have gone abroad to start a rescue ski troupe. We wonder who will rescue them.

She couldn't be founder but she could carry on and add to the ARC Nursing Service. Of course, you remember Nan Stedman and you will hear about her. You will hear about Vi Tofil some more too. She's making extra-curricular something really EXTRA in HHSN—HHTS to you!

The latest thing in Supervisors in this year, 1950—Little D. Wikman. Her domain, CB: Mary Kurzel on CB 4 has devised a labor saving downshute for post-op T and A's. Why can't they shoot them up as fast?

Clem Servi has Caesar and a new house with Great big closets. Our idea of heaven—and Clem's too. Shirl Roose is driving a beautiful red convertible between her house and Clem's—purpose, to compute formulae.

Edna Sniecinski has forsaken all else to become assistant to what rising young dentist?

We knew we would find Anna Rudanish singing the blues. And we weren't surprised when Professor Zweinstein's assistant, Herr Tonic, located her in a Back Bay(son) St. still singing.

Singing, singing—that's us. Why, Pearl Wanic has taken Maxine's place in the "all girls' choir"—And Doroyth LeGeyt, what would CBS do without her and "Danny Boy"?

Whoops! The sky is falling! The sky is falling! And who is that making a B-line, bathing suit in hand, for the shelter in Barney Building but "Henny Penny" Hendrickson. Don't be afraid "Henny" it's only Mary Bergstrom practicing a loop or two in her P-39¾ Pursuit plane. That P39¾ Pursuit took nearly five years to design, but that's us all over—designing women. To Charlotte Martin, goes the credit for the blue prints, though Josephine ("Putt Putt") Gangi, our happy little motorist, is due for a slice of recognition for designing the motor.

The "fame and (well sometimes) fortune" gals they call our members. And what did Ethel Anderson do with her fortune, amassed in double quick time as a result of her best-seller "The Top Flight" or briefly, "My Climb" but install an elevator in Ingalls! And wasn't it one of our girls who made it possible for mothers to leave their little charges in a nursery-clinic affair, which has clicked beautifully in Hartford? Yes, it was Adelaide Kogut, who always did like to be called "Aunt Addie". And then, there is the Mary-Helene Perzanowski fortune to consider, that because these quick-witted girls ingeniously dreamed up the individual for-your-own-particular-type-of-beauty gas mask. You should see the pug-nosed model on us.

Viola Economu (mew not moo) is busy setting up a class-room roll-call system which will help students to identify themselves. We agree there is a crying need for such pioneer workers.

Martha Page now has open-house almost constantly at her farm, where she gives not only warm hospitality to members of her community but a comprehensive home nursing course.

Mary Jane Pease continues in her status as "the cutest one", and we see her extremely photogenic self almost every time we open a magazine.

Muriel Reed has learned all the finer culinary arts and all her housewifely duties from Chet, who is now writing his masterpiece—a revision or modern version of the "Taming of the Shrew"—"It was a great fight, Mom, but I won!"

Mrs. Fletcher (nee Natalie Russell) is the busiest little club woman in town; but not too busy to create some of the fetching models we see her wearing.

Lois Bussey's power launch takes her about but plenty come deep sea fishin' time. In her spare time she edits the A.J.N.

Doris Roberts is on an extended tour of Europe surveying and surveying for ideas for her little shoppe on 5th Ave. Her latest—the combination lamp shade by night and hat by day, which beats even the Great Dasche for practicability.

Emma Sterrett, with that quiet good humor of hers is proving an excellent instructor for the Yale gals—they surely know what's what.

Jo Orlando is the toast of art enthusiasts as the modern Mona Lisa.

Helen Dash—, our dream on skates has it all over Sonja for dimples and dash!

We have it on good authority that Alice Brown is quietly doing settlement work in Hartford. We see her in HHSN officially once a year come lecture time. Officially or unofficially, you are always welcome at the "house".

Jennie Kaplan has devised several series of "when-to-wake-me-up cards" for the student night nurses—one series for each phase of the student carrier—That as her offering to posterity. Her actual work is teaching chemistry to nurses in HHSN.

Jo Uziemblo would be a career woman, but one career just isn't enough for her; so she has successfully combined nursing with marriage. We would like her recipe.

Emma Thomas' Butler experience has held her in good stead as supervisor of a certain nurses' dormitory in a certain city in Conn.

Virginia Corey is now raising a new crop of states. Missouri, or "Mo" for short, is the youngest of the three little ones. Georgia and Nevada are her twins, opposites of course.

Norma Cartocci has amiably battled her way along until a few years ago when she met her Waterloo—and incidently, her lord and master.

Virginia Geer, Bernice Goodman, and Virginia Garrand now run "The Three G's", where we are now going for an extremely palatable steak (to us what steak isn't). But hold on, before we leave, let's gather up Sophie Zuraw, the best little ender of alphabets (and nurse) we know.

CLASS HISTORY

SHORT SUMMARY OF CLASS OF '42

On September 29, 1939, a small but very significant group of young students—twenty-nine, to be exact, became organized. Previously, we had been merely "Probies" without much to do or say about anything in the school. It took a few class meetings to decide that every second Thursday evening was to be the date for our monthly meetings and that dues should be paid by the fifteenth of each month.

In December 1939 we realized that we owed the Endowment Fund a Christmas present. Our financial status was fairly low, so we raffled off a five dollar bill. It afforded us the gift and a small profit (much to our surprise).

The first time our class made an appearance publicly was Community Night in February 1940. The main feature of our show and attraction for the evening was, of course, our dancing team—Dasco and London.

On March 15, 1940, the September and February divisions were joined together enlarging our class to one hundred and eleven. Miss McConnell presided over the meeting and left with us these memorable words: "Your class is as strong as its weakest member. Make the foundation of your class good and it will stand up under any pressure." We have not forgotten and have proven those words are so.

Miss Mildred Cassell was elected unanimously as our class advisor on May 9, 1940.

To celebrate the end of classes in 1940, we had an outdoor supper in Keney Park on May 27. An excellent way to close the school year, don't you think?

In October our Pet Show of stuffed animals made history for the school and a little cash-on-hand for us. We held it in the Rumpus Room one evening after O.P.H.

We sponsored the Senior-Intermediate Dance on January 24, 1941 for the finishing seniors. What fun! The decorations were different—something to remember. We had musical notes and other symbols of rhythm done in black and white throughout the hall.

We had so much fun and good fortune with previous raffles that in December 1941 another took place. This time it was a collapsible flatiron.

Our basket-ball team obtained the Goodwin Trophy for two years in succession and made a commendable try for it during the third year.

On May 1942, a spring formal complete with Queen and Maypole was given. It was the first of its kind to be held in Heublein Hall and most successful.

Respectfully submitted,

JANET CLARK, Sec'y.

Class Will

SEPTEMBER DIVISION

I, Ethel Anderson, do will and bequeath my private elevator to Dottie Bolton.

I, Ruth Andreani, do will and bequeath unto future "big sisters" my ability to make "little sisters" feel at home.

I, Darline Barnett, do will and bequeath my knitting ability—knit one, purl one, drop one—to Helen Northrup.

I, Mary Bergstrom, do will and bequeath my ability to wield a tennis racket to anyone who cares to "swing it".

I, Josephine Boi, do will and bequeath my famous spaghetti dinners to anyone in the Rum-pus Room of a Friday evening.

I, Marie Bombaci, do will and bequeath my zest for outdoor life to Ann Colby.

I, Betty Boothe, do will and bequeath my nook in the infirmary to Miss Hale's first applicant.

We, Alice Brown and Helen Hendrickson, do will and bequeath our evening symphonies to resound forever more through the walls in third floor residence.

I, Lois Bussey, do will and bequeath my Tabu to Lillian Sandor to have and to hold in reserve for a future shortage of same.

I, Pauline Carpino, do will and bequeath my Williams Shaving Cup complete with soap for anyone who can find use for it.

I, Norma Cartocci, do will and bequeath my hours spent in night quarters to someone who can use them to better advantage.

I, Esta Catlin, do will and bequeath my splashy swimming ability to Sue Allen.

I, Doris Christensen, do will and bequeath my concerts in Heublein Hall to be a constant reminder that "Jive does not pay".

I, Betty Cole, do will and bequeath the class treasury to anyone who knows how to "spend it" if they can "collect it".

I, Virginia Corey, do will and bequeath my well filled date book to be distributed equally among Ingalls girls.

I, Ruth Cox, do will and bequeath my "six lessons in how to bid" to anyone interested in being a fourth at bridge.

I, Sheran Darmoo, do will and bequeath my night-before-exams qualms to Mimi Mercer.

I, Helen Dashukewich, do will and bequeath my curly eye lashes to Betty Boop.

I, Jeannette DeForest, do will and bequeath my USO to Bradley Field.

I, Mary Dostal, do will and bequeath my SS and G qualities to Veronica Seiller.

I, Viola Economu, do will and bequeath my Maine accent to add to Dottie MacLeod's list of accents broad.

I, Peg Fay, do will and bequeath my poise to all students late to class.

I, Helene Fidrych, do will and bequeath my dramatics ability to Patty Kimble.

We, Elsie Forte and Rose Forte, do will and bequeath our forte-forte combination to the perpetual confusion of all who call the roll.

I, Josephine Gangi, do will and bequeath my nickname, "put-put" to anyone interested in golf—or an outboard motor.

I, Virginia Garrand, do will and bequeath my sunny disposition to Ann Stratton.

I, Virginia Geer, do will and bequeath my straightforwardness to Ruth Larkins.

I, Bernice Goodman, do will and bequeath my love for Isolation Hospital to all "measley" students.

I, Nancy Hale, my baby doll curls to Baby Snooks.

I, Lillian Hartman, do will and bequeath my 17 inch waist to anyone desiring to be a Scarlett O'Hara.

I, Helen Heywood, my numerous ash trays to Helen Bastek.
 I, Evelyn Holcomb, my ability to sleep any time, anywhere to future night nurses.
 I, Eleanor James, do will and bequeath my never-ready clock to June Bickmore.
 I, Jennie Kaplan, do will and bequeath my "V" for Victory to the United Nations.
 I, Lois Knapp, do will and bequeath my love for horses and doctors to hoarse doctors M. D.
 I, Adelaide Kogut, do will and bequeath my collection of pigs to the department of agriculture.
 I, Sally Kriksciun, do will and bequeath my diet list and calorie counter to Yvonne Snelling.
 I, Ann Kritz, do will and bequeath my carefree nature to Lois Sawin.
 I, Mary Kurzel, do will and bequeath my professional manner to Ruth Zongola.
 I, Glenna Lackard, do will and bequeath my ability to stay up night and day to any student who wishes to get the most out of her training.
 I, Charlotte Lane, do will and bequeath my ability as an Obs. nurse to Ann Hatton.
 I, Doroyth LeGeyt, leave radio poise to anyone interested in amateur programs.
 I, Olive Linton, do will and bequeath my self confidence to Adele Baj.
 I, Edith Lucchini, do will and bequeath my numerous sprung watches for all students who need them for inspection.
 I, Osa Lund, do will and bequeath my self assurance to all probies to come.
 I, Marion Marcia, do will and bequeath my knowledge of Trinity Campus to anyone interested.
 I, Jean MacLeod, do will and bequeath my coveted inner spring mattress thrice stolen and removed and restolen to Pat Kimble for keeps.
 I, Charlotte Martin, do will and bequeath my numerous nicknames, and one in particular, to Stinkey Davis.
 I, Lucia Maycock, do leave my old-fashioned simplicity to Faith Sherff.
 I, Helen McGrath, do will and bequeath my cunning punning to Petey Peterson.
 I, Judy Melnick, do will and bequeath my mesh-footed black stocking to Marion DesJardines.
 I, Dawn Merrihew, do will and bequeath my serenity to Ellie Rowan.
 I, Shirley Myers, do will and bequeath my feminine charm to Lil Alexson.
 I, Agnes Mysliwicz, do will and bequeath my quiet unassuming manner to Ruth Barrie.
 I, Josephine Orlando, do will and bequeath my capability to Agnes Hogan.
 I, Bunny Pawelcik, do will and bequeath my desire to direct a symphony orchestra to Audrey Campbell.
 I, Mary Jane Pease, do will and bequeath my sweetness to Elaine Antonelle.
 I, Helene Perzanowski, do will and bequeath my witty remarks to all students aspiring to be popular with head nurses.
 I, Mary Perzanowski, do will and bequeath my numerous sailboats to all those lost in a fog.
 I, Anne Petrillo, do will and bequeath my executive ability to all new juniors.
 I, Winnie Pollard, do will and bequeath my winning ways to all to be shared and shared alike.
 I, Marjorie Porter, do will and bequeath my ability as nurse, cook, and hairdresser which constitutes the way to a man's heart to all who have the will but cannot find the way.
 I, Muriel Reed, do will and bequeath my up to the minute hair style to Dottie Bolton.
 I, Doris Roberts, do will and bequeath my numerous airplane rides to would-be air-line hostesses.
 I, Mary Rodvan, do will and bequeath my off again on again love-life to anyone who goes steady.
 I, Shirley Roose, do will and bequeath my ability to charm Ice-Cream-John to all ice cream lovers.
 I, Carolyn Rubin, do will and bequeath my Sammy to the U. S. Army.
 I, Ann Rudanish, do will and bequeath my unfailing graciousness to Diane Dissell.
 I, Natalie Russell, do will and bequeath the Arts and Crafts Club to any one handy.

I, Clementine Servi, do will and bequeath my bus rides to Torrington to anyone who wants a job at Charlotte Hungerford.

I, Jane Smith, do will and bequeath my fashionable clothes to the sub-debs of HHSN.

I, Edna Snecinski, do will and bequeath my cupcakes to rising young dentists.

I, Nancy Stedman, do will and bequeath my immaculate uniforms to Cynthia Birdsall.

I, Emma Sterrett, do will and bequeath my baby chortle to Barbara Winchell.

I, Emma Thomas, do will and bequeath my quiet unobtrusiveness to all who wish to sleep in class and get away with it.

I, Viola Tofil, do will and bequeath my ability to work hard, play hard, sleep hard, eat hearty and die hard to foster enthusiasm to future teams be they swimming, basketball, or just living.

I, Mildred Treat, do will and bequeath my ability as an all around good sport to Dorrie Van-Deusen.

I, Doris Twombly, do will and bequeath my pep, vim, and vigor to the aquatics club.

I, Josephine Uziemblo, do will and bequeath my cultural interests to Agnes Balcerski.

I, Pearl Wanic, do will and bequeath my permanent permanent to Connie Miller.

I, Peg Watson, do will and bequeath my ability to soothe troubled waters to Doris Houghton.

We, Ruth Weiler and Kay Wight, do will and bequeath our coffee-night-caps to all people with insomnia.

I, Dottie Wikman, do will and bequeath my lost poundage to Yvonne Snelling.

I, Jean Wilbur, do will and bequeath my love for pediatrics to Betty Chamberlain.

I, Sophie Zuraw, do will and bequeath my nervous energy to Alice Wilson.

FEBRUARY DIVISION

We, the February division of the class of 1942, do hereby state and declare this to be our last will and testament; being in as sound a mind and body as any individuals can be after three years of training.

I, Mildred Cassell, advisor of the class, do hereby will and bequeath to anyone willing to accept with no questions asked, the following twenty-nine:

I, Betty Charlton, do will and bequeath to all future prof. adjustment classes, the ability to stand up and say what the rest of the class is thinking but dare not express.

I, Olie Chapin, will and bequeath my name—I. M. Chapin—to the past for in the future I. M. Johnston.

I, Janet Clark, will and bequeath at the request of all of my classmates, those constant friends of mine for three years, to the British War Relief—my slippers!

I, Janet Kellogg, will and bequeath all of my stamps, envelopes, paper, ink, and pen to anyone with a "Norm" in the service.

I, Dottie Bittner, will and bequeath my horn-rimmed glasses to those wishing to travel incognito.

I, Stevie Kazemersky, will and bequeath my extreme hair-dos to Mibs, Hedy, Betty, and anyone else who has "just-washed-my-hair-and-can't-do-a-thing-with-it."

I, Phyl Merrill, will and bequeath my ingenuity for being able to spout more in two seconds what an ordinary person will speak in the course of a day, to Lil Hartman, who never seems to have anything to say.

I, Mabel Nilson, will and bequeath my ability to get no sleep and look it to Betty who gets no sleep and doesn't look it.

I, Ruth Rayno, will and bequeath my constant worried expression to Twombly who never seems to give a darn.

I, Ruthie Larson, will and bequeath my grill to Vera with the hope that not all of Bill's meals will be burnt offerings.

I, Audrey London, will and bequeath my frequent nosebleeds to the Hartford Hospital blood bank free of charge.

I, Ethel Going, will and bequeath my convenient name to the poor "probies" who fear they are going, going but never do seem to leave in spite of everything.

I, Anita Gousdinos, will and bequeath my hammer toe to Elsie Lucier to help jive time with.

I, Helen Czaja, will and bequeath all of my bobby pins to be divided among those on the corridor who have been known to say, "Tootsie, I just washed my hair and I need about six more"

I, Steffie Dasco, will and bequeath my pivot tooth to any plumber needing work badly.

I, Ginnie Wheeler, will and bequeath my wisdom teeth to Cookie who enjoys wearing costume jewelry.

I, Clara Wasniewski, will and bequeath my long bob to Betty Roose who gave herself her own feather cut at one time—now, wasn't it.

I, Jo Tirschek, will and bequeath my typical nurses' gait to any "probie" unable to get into the "swing" of things.

I, Laverne Corbat, will and bequeath to students wishing to brighten up dreary rooms; my lovely, old bouquet of dried-up weeds, grass, and stalks of . . . ???

I, Vera Carlson, will and bequeath my stacks and stacks of cardboard boxes to Kelly so that she may send more toll-house cookies to you-know-whom down in you-know-where.

I, Hedy Bystrowski, will and bequeath my name Hedwig to Mildred Irma and to Mabel Dagmar, knowing that they will gladly exchange for both of theirs.

I, Millie Stange, will and bequeath my ability to stand in class and say the right thing at the wrong time to yours truly who is at the present moment probably relating the wrong thing at the right time.

I, Elsie Lucier, will and bequeath my ability to look sad, sad, or glad, glad to all the poker faces in T. S. O.

I, Mibs Broandt, will and bequeath my disastrous feather cut to all as an example of what not to do with scissors.

I, Elsie Harrison, will and bequeath my ability to look busy when there is nothing to do, to those who aren't even busy when there is something to do.

I, Ruth Thompson, will and bequeath my devil-may-care-for-happy-am-I attitude to the poor head nurses needing a sparkle of the sunny-side of life very badly.

I, Lil Crannan, will and bequeath my age-old "alarm clock didn't go off" excuse to Mibs who arrives before the place is even open.

I, Doris Morgan, will and bequeath to needy persons this slogan—if at first you don't succeed—try Colgate's.

We, the February division of the class of 1942, will and bequeath to all classes to come, our imaginary shot-gun with its endless supply of buck-shot, to be used upon any interne, doctor, head nurse, or supervisor.

And—to reiterate—all resemblances to any individual, living or dead, are purely incidental.

Signed:

JANET CLARK

Witnesses:

LAVERNE CORBAT

JANET KELLOGG



HUMOR



H.H.T.S. $\xleftrightarrow{\text{changes}}$ H.H.S.N



LATE
LEAVES



NO SUGAR!



2-2-2

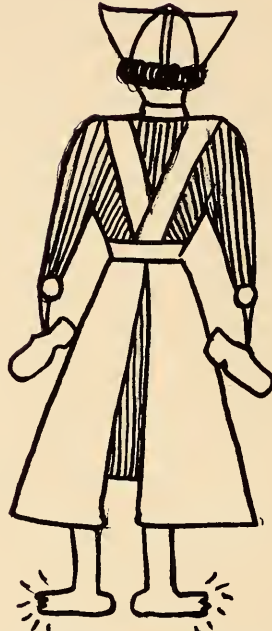
--anatomy--chem--
--med--Surg--
Pediatrics--um-um-
h-n-n-n-n-n

ARMY MARINES WAY
Oh! Deforest—
You have callers!

who did
this have?
Is that the way
you were taught
to drape?

Technique
You're
contaminated,
scrub
again!

Guess who?

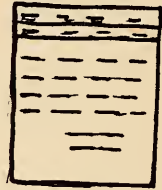


Any Time after
June 12th

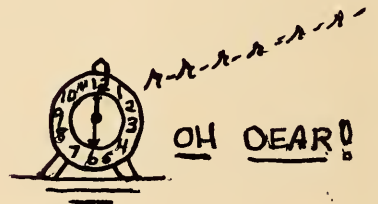


The efficacy
of prayer!

Pediatrics



Why I burned a rectal Tube?
Why I burned a nipple?
Why I broke a medicine glass?
Why I was born!?



O-O-O-O-O
D-E-A-R

Time Times you do—
And Time Times you
don't!

SAM.

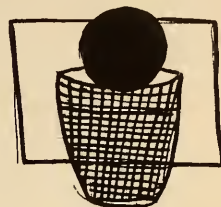
Class of 1942 Breaking all Records



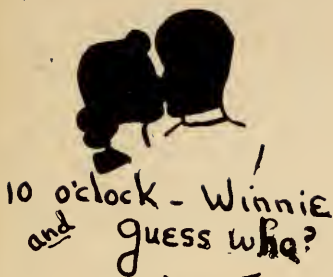
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That
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MISSES.



Something white
has been added.



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Most popular	VIOLA TOFIL
Best looking	MARGARET FAY
Most versatile	VIOLA TOFIL
Noisiest	VIOLA TOFIL
Quietest	LILLIAN HARTMAN
Best drag	ETHEL GOING
Worst drag	MILDRED STANGE
Says least, thinks most	LOIS BUSSEY
Says most, thinks least	RUTH RAYNO
Laziest	ELIZABETH BOOTHE
Most polite	ANNE PETRILLO
Most optimistic	JANET CLARK
Most pessimistic	BERNICE PAWELCIK
Best natured	RUTH THOMPSON
Most sarcastic	PHYLLIS MERRILL
Best dressed	LILYAN CRANNAN AND DORIS MORGAN
Neatest	NATALIE RUSSELL
Biggest heart breaker	SHIRLEY MYERS
Man hater	VIOLA ECONOMU
First married	JANET KELLOGG
Most happy-go-lucky	MURIEL REED
Most modest	CLEMENTINA SERVI
Most studious	MILDRED STANGE AND VIOLA TOFIL
Biggest bluff	RUTH COX
Most stubborn	ELEANOR JAMES
Most bashful	LILLIAN HARTMAN
Most bold	ELIZABETH CHARLTON
Most athletic	VIOLA TOFIL
Most accommodating	ELIZABETH COLE
Wittiest	JEAN MACLEOD
Most sophisticated	EDITH ANN LUCCHINI
Best dancer	STEPHANIE DASCO
Musician	DORIS CHRISTENSEN
Artist	DORIS CHRISTENSEN
Orator	HEDWIG BYSTROWSKI
Actress	HELENE FIDRYCH
Most pleasing personality	LOIS BUSSEY
Most likely to succeed	ANNE PETRILLO
Done most for Hartford Hospital School of Nursing	ANNE PETRILLO



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